Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Rey. My Lord, I haue.
Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſick.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwel. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin ſo affrighted
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Polo. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it; long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

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Polo. Come, goe with me, I will go ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate vndertakings
As oft as any paſſions vnder heauen
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters: and denied
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am ſorrie, that with better heed and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beſhrow my Iealouſie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lacke diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which being kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation ſo call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo neighboured to his youth and hauour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

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